The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXII. BOSTON, JULY 20, 1872. NO. 12.

For the Myrtle.

The Flower de Luce.

OH, mother, see! my Flower de Luce
Has blossomed out to-day,
The plant I found out in the woods
More than a mile away.

I brought it home and set it out,
And watered it with care;
And now I see these vely flowers,
How curious they are."

"These flowers, my boy, may give you joy,
But then to me they bring
Sweet memories of other days,
When I, in life's fair spring, —

A careless, happy, petted child
Roamed on the hillside fair;
And sought for Roses, Columbines,
And sweetest Mayflowers there.

And in the valley near my home
The modest Violet grew,
And there I found the Flower de Luce
So beautiful to view.

I listen to the wild bees' hum,
I hear the Robin's song,
I watch the fireflies as they come
To light my path along.

I think I hear my mother's voice,
Singing her evening hymn;
I nestle closer to her side
And watch the shadows grim.

My father, reverent and grave,
Reads from the sacred page;
And seeks to find some comfort there,
Some hope for youth and age.

And thus through all the devious ways
My feet are called to tread,
The blessed light of other days
Shall still its radiance shed.

A. S. T.

For the Myrtle.

Wild Flowers.

"CAN I go now?" Matilda Linfield scarcely paused for her mother's nod of assent as she took her hat and tripped into the open air. For days she had been thinking of the wild flowers.

All day her mind had wandered from books and lessons out into the fragrant meadows, and she had had visions of the beautiful blossoms there. The meadows were a long distance from the highway, and to see them Matilda must take a walk especially for that purpose; hastening from school she performed her home duties as quickly as possible and gladly turned her footsteps toward the spot that had so great a charm for her. As she stepped into the grassy lane she saw the cows standing by the bars waiting to be relieved of their sweet milk. As she drew near, they turned their great mild eyes upon her as if asking her to drop the bars for them.

"Not to-night," she said, as she passed them by, "I must hurry or it will be dark before my bouquet is gathered. I want to get a beauty for teacher," she continued to herself, "and perhaps she will tell me the real names of the flowers."

It didn't take Matilda long with her nimble feet to reach the meadows; she thought she had never seen the flowers there in such profusion before. "If teacher could only see them," she

thought, fairly holding her breath as she gazed, "Oh, the beauties!"

Flitting from one variety to another, she couldn't persuade herself to leave them until her aching hands refused to hold another stem and the deepening shadows and dewy grass admonished her to retrace her steps. Clasping her flowers in her arms to relieve her hands, she hastened home, and placing them in the bright lamp-light challenged the lookers on to produce a more beautiful bouquet.

It was a great pleasure to Matilda to be able to put upon her teacher's desk the next morning a lovely bouquet of the fairest and freshest of her flowers.

"I gathered them all from a strip of land that father says is good for nothing but to help hold the world together," said Matilda as she laid them down, "but it looks like a wild flower-garden now."

"It must be a favored spot for a botanist," said her teacher, "I should like to have you guide me there some day."

Matilda declared her readiness to do so, also her interest in the names of the flowers. Miss Arnold had no time to talk with her then, but when, at the time for the general exercise, she told the pupils that the wild flowers on her table would form the subject of conversation, the bright eyes testified to their owner's approval of her decision. Taking in her hand a little branch covered with shining green leaves and fragrant white flowers, she said, "You have names for nearly all the flowers here, I suppose; this, you call"—up went the hands and an eager voice supplied the name, "Swamp pinks." "Now I am going to tell you the proper names of these flowers; this one that you call swamp pink is called azalia by some botanists and by others swamp honeysuckle. Observe the flowers; they closely resemble the honeysuckle we see so often growing in gardens. This flower is found in other colors than white; in some places it grows a lovely pink color, in others purple. What is it, Lottie?" said Miss Arnold to a child who seemed anxious to speak.

"The pink ones grow in the woods a few miles from here and they are splendid!" said she.

"What do you call this?" continued Miss Arnold, holding before them a delicate pink flower without fragrance. "No name for it? what garden flower does it resemble?"

"Hyacinth," said Matilda.

"It does, and it is called meadow hyacinth; and this?" taking in her hand a slender stem crowned with one pink blossom.

Up went a score of hands and a little child answered, "Lady in the chaise; you can see the lady sitting there."

"I have always heard it called 'Jack in the pulpit,'" said Miss Arnold; "there is as good reason for one name as the other I think."

Calling often upon the children to give what information they could, their teacher kept them thoroughly awake to what she was saying.

"This yellow flower that grows so abundantly in some meadows as to fairly cover them, is snake-root; its fine wirey root is the medicinal snake-root. These little star flowers—blue stars and yellow stars, and blue with yellow eyes—are the blossoms of star grass. These spotted field-lilies are very common, and one would hardly care to gather them with these lovely lemon-colored lilies in sight. Mark this beautiful cluster; here are six lilies, forming a perfect circle, as they gracefully droop around the parent stem. You all know the name of this—columbine. It loves to grow in sunny spots, and when I see its bright flower peeping through and nodding above the green leaves of the bushes that often surround it, it reminds me of the beautiful birds. I think these flowers are favorites of the children as well as of the bees, because of the honey they contain. I am going to tell you the name of its honey vessel,—*nectarium*. I want you all to remember it; in this flower you will notice it has the shape of a curved horn. There is a plant that grows in hot countries—the krubut—that has a nectarium capable of holding three quarts! This little, delicate, drooping bell-flower is called bellwort; it grows in shady places. There are many more things I would like to say to you about flowers, but I hope you are interested enough in what has been said to try to learn more yourselves. 'Gray's lessons in Botany' are simple enough for a young pupil to study that delightful branch without the aid of a teacher, if so disposed.

It has been of great use to persons being acquainted with the habits of plants. I have read that the botanist, Linnæus, needed neither watch, calendar, or barometer, he knew their habits so well. Vacation will soon be here and you will not care to put every book aside; would it not be an excellent plan for you that are old enough to begin the study of botany?"

At intermission, Matilda thanked her teacher for the pleasure she had derived from the exercise and told her she for one hoped to learn something more of flowers from a botany, before vacation was "over and gone."

H. H. D.

The old House in the Lane.

'Tis a quaint old mansion, solemn and plain
In its Quaker dress of dusky brown,
And the passer-by might look in vain
For a soberer house throughout the town.
Respectable habits and steady ways
Have served it well to prolong its days,
For years it has stood in that quiet spot;
Improvements thicken—it heeds them not—
The rose and the clematis twine and grow
In tender embrace o'er the portico;
And the drowsy hum of the bee is heard;
Or the restless wing of the humming bird;
While the robin sits on a neighboring limb,
And pauses to gaze at them both, as he eats—
What a puzzle it always must be to him
To see them sipping invisible sweets.
I've watched him oft in the cherry tree,
Reflecting—what manner of bird could they be.

Broad maples stand, as if on guard,
By the side of the house, in the little yard;
And the fence in front can scarce be seen
For the blossoming shrub and the evergreen,
While close by the gate, sad vigil keeping,
The willow weeps—she is always weeping
And trembling there in the passing breeze—
The most timid of all the surrounding trees.

There will come a time when the leaves have passed,
When the branches shrink from the wintry blast,
When the humming birds and the bees are fled,
When rose and clematis both are dead,
Or sleep till the vernal trump is heard
In the clear soft note of the singing bird.
There will come a time when trees and flowers
Shall be numbered all with the ghostly hours
That roam in their shrouds of hopes and fears,
Through the catacombs of the buried years—
The hours of pleasure—the hours of pain
That have gone and can never return again.
Ah, what shall protect the old house then
From the vulgar gaze of heartless men?

Lo! there spreads e'en now o'er that sacred spot
A precious shade, though you see it not.
'Tis a glorious growth, an immortal tree,
And its name—its name is Memory.
Its roots lie deep in the hallowed past,
And close round the house its arms are cast,
While sorrows and joys flock lovingly there,
Like summer birds, flitting to and fro
From branch to branch, as they fill the air
With the dear old songs of long ago;
And that tree shall wave—those birds shall sing
Through many a winter and many a spring,
When the eye of sense may look in vain
For the Old Brown House in the grassy lane.

Mrs. Crumpet's Plum Cake.

A GREAT many little boys and girls were going to Mrs. Crumpet's tea-party. And there was to be a large *plum cake.*

What was the plum cake made of?

The cook said she made it of flour, and sugar, and currants, and raisins, and eggs, and milk. The flour came from the mill, of course.

But before it went to the mill it grew in the fields.

It was wheat with a yellow stalk and beautiful ripe ears.

The wheat could not grow of itself.

It was a little seed when a man sowed it in the ground.

The rain had to come down upon it to make it grow. And the sun had to shine before it could get ripe.

And men had to reap it, and to carry it away, and to thrash it, and to grind it.

Then, if you like, Mrs. Crumpet's cook might put it in her cake.

A great many miles from England, over the deep, wide sea, is a country where black people are working very hard.

They are cutting down canes in a field. Then they will squeeze the sugar out of them. And the sugar (which is only juice at present) will have to get hard and to be made quite clear, and a great many things will be done to it.

And it will come to England in great tubs. And Mrs. Crumpet's cook will put it into her plum cake.

You must go to another country still for the currants.

You must go to some little islands called the Ionian Islands, and which are near to Greece.

It takes a great deal of trouble to make them grow. People prop up the vines on sticks, and loosen the earth round the roots, and prune them and take a great deal of pains. But if a storm of rain comes, their trouble is thrown away, and the little grapes spoiled.

When the grapes are gathered and picked, they are dried in the sun, or else on a floor.

Then they are put into a warehouse till some one comes and buys them.

A great many are shipped off to England, and Mrs. Crumpet's cook is very glad. She knows nothing about the vines or the islands near Greece.

She only knows she can have as many currants as she likes from the shop round the corner.

For the Myrtle.

Counting the Fingers.

Davy dear, your fingers hold,
Listen till my story's told.

Thumb's a rogue, and whispers "Come,
Let us steal the sweets," says Thumb.

Straight First Finger bends to hear,
She's a rogue when Thumb is near.

Second Finger says, "I'll go,"
Cries Third Finger, "count me too."

Little Finger stands alone,
Says, "the sweets are not our own."

Thumb says, "let no finger say
Where the sweets have gone to-day."

Finger First cries out, "No, no!
Not a word from me shall go."

Finger Second shakes her head,
"She would suffer death instead."

Finger Third is full of fear
Lest the marks of guilt appear.

Little Finger cries, "for shame!
I shall tell where lies the blame.

If we all are made to smart
With the rest I'll bear my part."

And I think that, through and through,
Little Finger's right—dont you? *H. A. B.*

"I think of angel voices
When the birds' songs I hear;
Of that celestial city, bright,
With jacinth, gold, and chrysolite,
When with its blazing pomp of light
The morning doth appear!

"I think of pain and dying
As that which is but naught,
When glorious morning, warm and bright,
From the chill darkness of the night
Like a new life is bright."

Foolish Wishing.

It is said, but I will not affirm the truth of the story, that a pretty yellow canary, in a fit of fretfulness, cried out one day,

"I wish I were dead!"

Upon this the tortoise-shell cat looked up with a merry twinkle in his eyes, and said:

"I don't wonder at it, my poor dear. Shut up as you are in that cage, it is not strange you should wish for death."

"Yes," replied the bird, "I am shut up while my friends are out in the bright sunshine sporting among the beautiful flowers. It is too bad!"

"So it is," rejoined the cat, in a tone of tenderness.

"And such a sweet singer as I am too," added the canary.

"Yes, dearest, your songs are sweeter than those of the birds that are free. I don't wonder you are wretched."

"Oh, I do wish I were dead!" groaned the bird. "My life is all pain and vexation. "I'm a poor, miserable prisoner."

"My little love," replied the cat, as he rose to his feet, "if you will have the pluck to come out of your cage, I will help free you from your grief and pain."

"What! what!" chirped the canary, with a terrible flutter in its heart, as the cat rose up on his hind legs, and placed one of his fore paws on the door of the cage.

"It pains me to do it," replied the cat, "yet for your sake I will stifle my grief, and help you out of your misery—"

The bird screamed. A footstep at the parlor door made puss turn his head, and then, seeing his master, he slunk through an open window into the garden. Canary breathed freely again, and, having been very near the death it had so foolishly desired, was henceforth a wiser and happier bird.

"Foolish little canary!" I hear a thousand voices exclaim. Yes, a foolish little canary indeed is that boy or girl who so often utters rash wishes, such as "I wish I were dead!" or, "I wish I could get away from my home!"

Afflictions, when accompanied by grace, alter their nature, as wormwood eaten with bread will lose its bitterness.

For the Myrtle.

The Rival Picnic.

ALL the grown people went off on what they called an excursion, which was a sort of grown-up picnic, and left the children at home.

Now the children had been to picnics, some of them, and knew very well what they were; and they did not intend to be cheated out of good times, more than their elders, so they decided on holding a picnic in the back yard.

It was at the house of Harry and Lucy that this was decided on and they sent invitations to the three children over the way. The children all came and brought their dog with them. Harry and Lucy let the parrot out into the yard and invited him to join the picnic, which he seemed very glad to do. And the cat came and

perched on the high fence by the pump, and blinked over at them good-naturedly, though they could not prevail on her to make one of the party. They thought the company either of the parrot or the dog must be disagreeable to her. But she seemed to approve of the good time, as she looked on from a distance.

Lottie and Minnie brought their dolls and had to sit down under the wash-bench to get them asleep before they could help about the dinner. But the baby was busy with that. "Et me make e pies," "Et me make e pies," she cried, and as there was no objection she sat down flat in the dirt by the wood-pile and scooped up earth in an old teacup and spatted it in hard to make dirt-cakes, which she called "pies" for dinner.

Bridget gave them a better dinner than this, however. "The blissid darlints," she said, "they shall be afther havin' as good a picnic as their ilders." So she braced the big washtub up level and bottom up, and spread a large, clean towel over it, and behold it was a nice, round dinner table. Then she gave the little girls dishes and food, sandwiches and cakes, and tart pies, and they set the table very neatly.

Bridget took Harry off into the house and told the girls to call him when dinner was ready. And when they had shut the door, she produced lemons and sugar and ice, and set him to making lemonade, the first time he had ever done such a thing in his life.

When the table was all ready, Lottie climbed up on the woodpile and rung the bell loud for Harry, just as they did at real picnics to call the stray ones. And then Harry came out with his pitcher of iced lemonade, and they all clapped their hands and shouted for joy.

Then they sat down around the wash—table, I mean, and Lottie and Lucy served the dinner; and the parrot sat on the wood-pile and was fed over Harry's shoulder, and the dog had many a nice bit tossed to him, and even the cat jumped down from her perch and slyed around to get her share of the feast.

While they were eating, Bridget was busy in the wood-shed, and when the dinner was cleared away, she showed them a fine swing she had put up there under shelter. They were so busy they had not seen the big black cloud that was fast rising, but she had, and knew their fun would soon be spoiled unless she helped them out again. So she put up the swing, and when the first big rain drops pattered down, they were safe under shelter where they swung, and danced, and played games until the other picnic people came home.

And when the children saw how wet and draggled they all were and heard how the dinner was spoiled and all the fun had to be given up on account of the rain, they thought that their picnic in the back yard had been a great deal the best, after all. And the older people thought so too. *H. A. B.*

Who Will Care?

WHO will care?
When we lie beneath the daises,
Underneath the church-yard mould,
And the long grass o'er our faces
Lays its fingers damp and cold;
When we sleep from care and sorrow,
And the ills of earthly life.
Sleep, to know no sad to-morrow,
With the bitterness of strife—
Who will care?

Who will care?
Who will come to weep above us,
Lying, oh, so white and still,
Underneath the skies of Summer,
When all nature's pulses thrill,
To a new life, glad and tender,
Full of beauty, rich and sweet,
And the world is clad in splendor
That the world shall e'er repeat—
Who will care?

Who will care?
Who will think of white hands lying
On a still and silent breast;
Nevermore to know of sighing,
Evermore to know of rest?
Who will care? No one can tell us,
But if rest and peace befall,
Will it matter if they miss us,
Or they miss us not at all?
Not at all.

A Gentle Reproof.

A man was swearing angrily at the corner of the street, when a little girl came along. She stopped a moment, looked up to him, and said: "Please, sir, don't cell God names, because he is my Father, and it hurts me to hear you call him hard names."

It was now the man's turn to stop and look, and pretty soon he said, "Thank you, miss.—My mother taught me that he is my Father, too. I will not swear again—*never*," and he walked quickly away with his head down.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—We hear of pleasant Children's Sunday celebrations in Medford, Rockport, Charlton, Tyngsboro, Plymouth and Brighton, in addition to those already noticed.

VERMONT.

—At the meeting of the Windham and Bennington Association at Jacksonville, a resolution was passed commending the Sunday School interest to the attention of the members, and a committee appointed to secure an essay on Sunday Schools, to be read and discussed at the next meeting of the Association. A report of the Brattleboro' Sunday School, made by the pastor's wife, who is also Superintendent, is so interesting that we will give the abstract in full:

The condition of the School for the past year has (we think) been one of prosperity and growth, increasing in numbers, interest and zeal. We have sought to increase the ardor of all, by bettering the financial condition of the School in different ways, by urging the prompt attendance of all, by using the best means in our power to secure attention to duty, hoping thereby to prepare ourselves for any Christian work which we may be called upon to perform, and of which there is so much need all over our land.

Since June first, we have applied the One Lesson System, and are at present using the Sunday School Helper with good success, and believe it is usually liked both by teachers and pupils. The teachers have a meeting which is called Saturday evening, and presided over by the pastor. Here the lesson is explained, and the teachers have an opportunity to ask or explain the questions of the subject under consideration, as they best understand it, that they may be prepared to answer all questions which the several classes may bring forward for discussion at the Sunday School. At the close of the School, both teachers and pupils are questioned by the pastor or superintendent, that they may be satisfied that the lesson was fully comprehended by all, and that teachers and pupils have been just to each other and to themselves.

Our school meets during the summer season at 2 P. M., but in the winter, when we hold two services, at 12. We prefer this method as it does not leave our Church closed during the long summer afternoons.

The children sing once every month at the Town Hall, for the benefit of the temperance cause. We also hold our Sunday School concerts quarterly, for the benefit and interest of all, and they are found interesting and pleasing to all those interested in the Sunday School.

The School has a company of officers who are ever found in their places, and are faithful to duty. They have chosen for the present year, Mrs. M. H. Harris as Superintendent, Fletcher Burrows, assistant. The whole number of scholars is 250; average attendance, 145; number of classes, 19; increase in number of scholars during the past year, 25.

The library contains 716 volumes, giving us an increase during the year, of 122. The school has been presented during the past year, with 46 volumes, by Mr. George French, of Chelsea, Mass. The receipts of the school for the past year, are $265 32. There are taken by the school thirty-six copies of the *Myrtle*, and fifteen of the *Guiding Star*. Fifteen members of the Sunday School have united with the Church during the past year. Fifteen of the nineteen teachers are also members of the Church.—Two deaths have occurred during the year in the School, and we have lost some of our numbers by their removal from town.

As a school we are working with patience, zeal and harmony, hoping in the future to do more than we have in the past, knowing that if we do not realize the fruits of our labors, others will feel the effect, and in doing our duty in this direction, we shall lead others to find a home in the school, and we shall all feel that we have a spiritual home upon the earth, which leads the way to the heavenly one above.

A New Bible.

There are some strange people in the world, and among them are a few living in our own land, who think of getting up a new Bible somewhat better then the one now used by Christians.—Where are they to find it? By looking into the sacred books of all the great religions of the world, and making extracts of the best passages in them. Let them search and try. We have not the least fear that they can give us anything better than our dear old "book of books," which contains such reading as we find in the story of Joseph, the book of Job, the Twenty-third Psalm, some of the sayings of Isaiah, the Sermon on the Mount, the Parables of the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan, the words of Jesus at the Last Supper, the noble discourses of Peter and Paul, and the beautiful lessons of love written in the Epistles of John. The moon looks bright when there is no other shining; but when the sun shines the moon looks pale. These old Scriptures of other religions may read very well in some places, when they are not compared with our Bible, but when they are, the Bible will seem as the sun to the moon in comparison. "We won't give up the Bible," and for the very good reason that there will be no need of it.

How May They Come?

When Jesus was in our world, he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He says so now. How then, can children come to him?" We answer, by studying and imitating his life, by heeding his word, by doing as he did and as he directs us to do. We can have Jesus with us now, in this way, and know him better than many little children who saw him in Judea ever knew him. A dear mother of yours may die and go into the spirit world; and she may leave you her precious instructions and her faithful Christian character and life. Now if you give attention to her teachings, and follow her example, and imitate her character, you will show that she is near you, and that she is impressing you with her heavenly virtues. Thus may children come to Jesus, and enjoy his friendship, and abide in his love.

What God Means to Do.

"God will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." This we are told in the New Testament. This was the intention of our Heavenly Father when he made man. It was his intention when he sent his Son to be the Saviour of the world. It is his intention now, and it will be, until his work is complete, and the Father is known, worshipped and served by all His children.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XCVI.

CHRIST IN JERUSALEM.

"Render, therefore, to all their dues."

SCRIPTURE,—Math. xxii. 15–33; Mark xii. 13–27; Luke xx. 19–40.

Question. — As Jesus was teaching by parables, what did the chief priests and scribes attempt to do?

Answer. — Luke xx. 19.

Q. — Why did they desist from arresting him?

A. — Luke xx. 19.

Q. — What course did they take to obtain his arrest?

A. — Luke xx. 20.

Q. — What question did they ask Jesus?

A. — Luke xx. 22.

NOTE. To answer this question directly would bring Jesus under condemnation. If he should say it was unlawful to pay tribute to Cæsar, would be treasonable to the Roman government, for the Romans held the Jewish nation in subjection. If he should say it was lawful to pay the tribute, the Jews would hate him, for they considered it a great injustice and invasion of rights for the chosen people to be in subjection and pay tribute to any nation.

Q. — Did Jesus perceive their design?

A. — Luke xx. 23.

Q. — After calling for a penny, and pointing to the head upon it, what did he say?

A. — Luke xx. 25.

Q. — Did they fail of their purpose?

A. — Luke xx. 26.

Q. — Who now came to him with a question?

A. — Luke xx. 27.

Q. — What did the Sadducees deny?

A. — Luke xx. 27.

NOTE. Two questions divided Pharisees and Sadducees. The Sadducees said that we are not immortal and that there are no spirits. The Pharisees believed in a future life and in the existence of spirits. The question which the Sadducees put to Jesus was not a new one, but one which they had discussed, perhaps, for hundreds of years. And they brought to Jesus a case which had troubled the Pharisees and which they had been unable to explain in harmony with their faith in a future life.

Q. — What was the instance which they brought to Jesus?

A. — Luke xx. 29–33.

Q. — Had these men kept the law of Moses?

A. — Luke xx. 28.

Q. — What reply did Jesus make to the question of the Sadducees?

A. — Luke xx. 34–38.

Q. — How were the multitude affected by Christ's answer?

A. — Math. xxii. 33.

Q. — Did the answer silence the Sadducees?

A. — Math. xxii. 34.

NOTE. The Pharisees rejoiced at this answer to the Sadducees. An old troublesome problem had been solved.

Q. — When the Pharisees heard that the Sadducees had been unable to defend their denial of a future life, what did they do?

A. — Math. xxii. 34, 35.

Q. — What question did they ask Jesus?

A. — Math. xxii. 36.

NOTE. This was the other question upon which Pharisees and Sadducees were divided. The Pharisees said that the religious law is more binding than the moral law. The Sadducees said that the moral law is more binding than the religious law. And the Pharisees come with this question, hoping that Jesus will decide in favor of their views and against those of the Sadducees, as he did respecting the other question.

Q. — What was the first part of Christ's reply?

A. — Math. xxii. 37.

NOTE. This is the law of religion; and the Pharisees thought he had taken sides with them.

Q. — What did Jesus say immediately?

A. — Math. xxii. 39.

NOTE. This is the moral law. Therefore Jesus said that it is not enough for men to be religious. He also said that it is not enough for men to be moral; but that they must be both moral and religious—must love God and men, keeping both commandments.

Answer.

JULY 13. Pray without ceasing.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE,

37 Cornhill, Boston.

BENTON SMITH, Agent.

TERMS—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

Single copy, or less than ten, **75** cents per year.

Ten or more copies sent in one package, ***without names***, to one address, **50** cents each per year.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The printed date upon each wrapper will show each subscriber how the account stands, and none need expect it continued beyond the term paid for.

In any case where money has been sent, and the date has not been changed to correspond, we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

Address "Universalist Publishing House,"
37 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.